

THE QUIETER

Saturday, February 17, 1872.



"Surely I ought to know this"—p. 307.

HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.—INVITED TO CHADBURN COURT.

UP to the time of Lucy Chadburn's marriage, very little society had been received at Chadburn Court, with the exception of the Applebys, the old rector, and Sir Richard's friends, the Ains-

worts, and one or two others; a state of things to which Lady Chadburn passively submitted, as one of the disagreeables that belonged to her married life. Congenial society was one of the privileges

which she had resigned with the rest of the aristocratic pretensions that belonged to her name of Howard.

It was in the first days after Lucy's marriage, while the blank of her absence was still new to Sir Richard, and sorely felt by him; for in spite of the logic which he brought to bear upon himself, he could not keep from pining for want of the face which had made the sunshine of his life, and the tender companionship which had helped to fill other voids, and supplied so many wants to him. True, there was Cyril left still—Cyril, the pattern son, against whom he could bring no complaint; for he could not tell the world that, good and irreproachable as he seemed, he had too little heart; that was what he had always missed in his elder son. Even as a boy Cyril had shown none of the clinging tenderness usually present in a young nature before it has been soured by the world.

Lucy's departure from home, the sight of her vacant place at table, and the loss of her daily companionship had told upon the baronet more than he himself was aware. The old apathy seemed to be stealing back upon him; he showed symptoms of falling into his former habit of dozing in his easy chair, with wearily closed eyes and passive unoccupied hands.

Lady Chadburn took alarm, and fearing a relapse, urged him to see Dr. Ward, to which he fretfully replied, "Not professionally, my dear. I've had enough of medical advice and visits for the present; but I don't mind asking him to come over and take a knife and fork with us. I am not unwell, my dear, only tired and dull. There seems to be such a void in the house. Cyril is as serious as ourselves, and then he so seldom sits with us. We want rousing, you must admit that, for there seems to be no life about the place now."

Lady Chadburn well understood the meaning of the significant emphasis of the word "now." But she did not comment upon it, only seemed glad to encourage his suggestion of an invitation to the doctor, and graciously volunteered to be her husband's amanuensis in writing the note of invitation, adding, with an indulgent smile, "Dr. Ward deserves this mark of attention from you, Richard, if only in acknowledgment of his devotion to your case; besides, he is a perfect gentleman, there can be nothing lowering in the association."

"Lowering!" repeated Sir Richard, testily; "I should think not. Dr. Ward is quite as good as we are."

Lady Chadburn's only answer was a smile, and an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders.

A pause followed, during which Cyril entered, and quietly resumed the book he had been reading. The baronet was the first to speak.

"Dr. Ward has an only daughter."

Her ladyship slightly raised her brows, as if to inquire why he thought it necessary to give her that piece of information.

He went on—"It has just occurred to me that we might invite the young lady to Chadburn, and thus pay Dr. Ward another mark of attention, which I know he will be sure to value, for his heart is wrapped up in her."

Cyril paused in his reading as he caught the name of Dr. Ward. Lady Chadburn's face contracted a little; the baronet saw it, and added—"Invite the young lady to Chadburn Court, my dear; it is my wish. I have heard she is very handsome, and should like to see her."

Lady Chadburn quietly acquiesced. If she had been inclined to oppose the addition of Sylvia, her husband's decisive tone would have effectually silenced it. How little did she guess the secret of his interest in the doctor's daughter!—that it had its source in the revelation which the doctor had made to him concerning the attachment between his daughter and Harold, an interest which had become sadly intensified from the time that they received news of the fate of the doomed ship and her unfortunate crew.

From that time everything that his dead son had loved had a special claim upon Sir Richard; even the dog Snap was not overlooked.

At this point Cyril struck in—"As we are to have the honour of receiving the doctor and his daughter, allow me to solicit the extension of your invitation to the doctor's assistant, Mr. Gerald Darley, whose society would, I am sure, be a very desirable element in the formation of your party."

Lady Chadburn's head turned quickly towards the speaker, with manifest surprise in her glance. She was trying to reconcile apparent discrepancies, wondering what had arisen to effect such a change in his opinions towards the young doctor, of whom she had been accustomed to hear her son speak so slightly. She could only account for the change by attributing it to one of Cyril's whims.

The baronet seemed eager to avail himself of his son's suggestion. "Invite Mr. Darley by all means. Thanks for your hint, Cyril; he is a nice young fellow, and will make our party all the pleasanter."

So it was arranged, and Cyril went on with his reading, well satisfied with the result of his interference, and his father's reception of the suggestion which he had thrown out.

"Gerald Darley and Sylvia Ward visiting Chadburn together," he said, smiling, to himself. "This will tell well to Miss Grant, and I will take care that the circumstance loses none of its significance."

He kept his word.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE BOOKMARK.

"I AM so glad to hear that the old man is better, Bessie, for I have been very uneasy about him lately, more than I liked to own, even to myself."

"Oh, Gerald! why did you not tell me?"

"Because it would have done no good, only needlessly alarmed you."

"You ought to have told me, Gerald;" and Bessie looked quite indignant. "To think of his being so ill, and I not to know! Oh, Gerald, how could you be so unkind?"

"If I had told you, Bessie, you could have done no good."

"It's a great shame, for I've a right to know. Any other medical man would have told me, so that I could have nursed him."

"Why, you have been nursing him all the time, Bessie."

"Not as I would have done, had I known he was in any real danger. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Gerald."

"You forget, Miss Bessie, that you were one of my patients, as well as my uncle. How very thoughtful and judicious it would have been of me to give you causeless alarm, and allow you to wear yourself out with anxiety and fears, which I sincerely trust may have no foundation. It would have been undoing all that had been done, and destroying that which I have been so anxious to build up."

"What was that, Gerald?"

"Your health, Miss Bessie. I have watched it for months insensibly failing; you gave me more uneasiness than you had an idea of, pretty cousin."

"Ah, indeed, then I presume that was the reason you condemned me to swallow so many bitter potions, Mr. Gerald."

This was spoken half saucily, with an attempt at humorous vivacity that blinded Gerald to the real feeling which found expression in an indescribable softening of her brown eyes and a bright flush of colour that drifted into her face—significant signs from which, at another time perhaps, Gerald would have been able to draw certain inferences, but that moment he saw nothing; he was really anxious about the old man's health, and returned to the subject, saying with a smile, "You have no need to find fault with me on that score, Miss Bessie, for those bitter potions were all for your own good; but with regard to my uncle, I cannot disguise, either from myself or you, that his health is breaking."

"Oh, Gerald! is that the truth? I thought he seemed better the last few days, and it was making me feel so happy."

"So he is better, Bessie. I have not said that there is any immediate danger, nor do I think there is serious cause for present alarm—only the necessity for constant care and watchfulness, that is the best we can do for him. Those fits of fainting were an indication of failing power. But try not to let it depress you, Bessie; keep up your strength in readiness for the time of need, you cannot tell how heavily it may be taxed."

Bessie's lips quivered, but she made no reply to the young doctor. He watched her attentively, then

said, "You will do it, Bessie, for the old man's sake. You know how much will depend upon you, but I can rely upon you doing your best; it may be difficult, but you will make the effort. I remember when you were quite a child, if you ever gave your promise it was certain to be kept, if possible."

Bessie gave him a shy glance of pleasure. The time had come when words of commendation from Gerald's lips were as precious coins, by which she was richly paid for any service she could do. They were something for her heart to gather in and feast upon in happy musings. The truth was that she had a secret in her keeping. The music that should wake once for every woman's ear had been sounding through her life, thrilling and pervading it with sweet, subtle melody. She loved, Cyril Chadburn's proposal and continued pressing of his suit had revealed it to her, and unsealed the page which she might have shrunk from reading even to herself. Her heart had gone out to the hero of Phœbe's rescue from the river. From that time she loved Gerald with all the steadfast strength and depth of her earnest nature. No wonder that patient Cyril had hitherto worked and plotted in vain; he could not gain access to the heart which love for another had so effectually closed against him.

The foregoing conversation had taken place in the big oak parlour, where Bessie was seated at needle-work. A pause followed, which Gerald occupied by taking a minute inventory of the contents of the young lady's workbox; he was engaged in dissecting its ingenious recesses, when he accidentally detached from among some lace, where it had been hidden, a bookmark, the one that Phœbe had found, and which he at once recognised.

"Why, surely I ought to know this; what magic has spirited it into your workbox, Bessie?"

His exclamation of surprise made Bessie look up, her colour changing when she saw what was in his hand.

"Yes, certainly, you ought to know your own property; but it is a very commonplace explanation that I have to give, for there has been no magic at work, unless Phœbe is the magician. You must have dropped the bookmark during one of your visits, and it has escaped notice until Phœbe found it the other day; I intended to restore it the last time you were here, but forgot to do so; I was very sorry for the omission, as I can understand what its value will be to you."

She unconsciously placed an emphasis on her last words which, together with the tone of her voice, perplexed Gerald, and gave him an uncomfortable sensation, for which he could not account, except that somehow that precious bookmark was at the bottom of it. There was no chance for asking an explanation then, for Phœbe entered with a message from Lewis Darley.

Gerald little guessed that he had been listening to

the involuntary expression of irritated jealousy. The best-regulated minds can be jealous, and Bessie Grant's was no exception to the rule.

CHAPTER LX.

"FRIEND OR ENEMY?"

THEY were standing together under one of the clumps of magnificent elms that overshadowed the undulating greensward, and formed one of the chief beauties of Chadburn Park. They had met by appointment, Cyril Chadburn and the stranger, who repelled while he interested and perplexed him.

The manner of his introduction had been so singular—an elderly gentleman, whom he had not even noticed until he startled him by taking up the answer to his soliloquy concerning Bessie Grant, with the remarkable words, "She shall, Mr. Chadburn."

The two were strangely alike in character, and well matched; no conventional courtesies passed between them, for the stranger abruptly began the conversation by saying, "And so that is Chadburn; I congratulate you on being heir to such a fine estate, the scenery is magnificent, do you not think so?"

Cyril bowed, and the stranger continued, "You should fill in that gap yonder at the foot of the hill with a few trees, it would shut out the village, which I consider spoils the view in that direction."

"Thank you for the hint, which I am sorry to say is thrown away, for I had that gap made purposely; the village forms a break in the belt of trees. But we have not met to discuss Chadburn Park, but a subject of far greater importance."

"Quite right, Mr. Chadburn, I will make up for lost time; but first tell me is it mortgaged?"

Cyril's face crimsoned as he said haughtily, "I do not understand you."

The stranger coolly eyed the young man as he replied, "Excuse me, Mr. Chadburn, but your face contradicts that assertion of yours—you do understand me."

The stranger, keen as he was, had mistaken the character of the man with whom he had to deal.

"Then let my face answer you, for I have no wish or time to waste words. Good morning;" and Cyril turned haughtily away, but the stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder and forcibly detained him.

"Stay, young sir; if you wish to win the prize you covet so much, you will not think it a waste of words."

"Pray what has *that* to do with Miss Grant?"

"Are you not a suitor for Miss Grant's hand?"

"I am."

"Well, then, as I have promised that she shall be your wife—have I not a right to know the true state of your affairs?"

Cyril considered a moment, then said, "And supposing it is mortgaged—what then?"

"That is putting a question, Mr. Chadburn—not answering mine."

The cool dogmatic tones of the stranger mystified Cyril, for they seemed to imply the possession of a certain amount of power. He felt that it was useless contending the point, and, though much against his will, gave the required information.

"I admit you have a right to put the question, assuming all you told me in our first interview to be true, though you must allow it has yet to be proved. Still I see no objection to answering your question. There is no mortgage either on Chadburn Court or Park."

"Indeed, I must confess that I did not expect that answer, Mr. Chadburn. But now with respect to this young lady whom you are desirous of making your wife. Have you thought over what I said to you on our first meeting?"

"I have."

"Well, and the result?"

"Is that I believe you have overrated your power—not purposely, mind, for I think you could bring a good deal of influence into the scale, but it would undo all I have been doing, for though I am learning to love her, I can only marry her on one condition."

The stranger eyed Cyril for a moment, then asked, with evident curiosity, "And what may this condition be, Mr. Chadburn?"

"It is this: I only marry her as Lewis Darley's heiress."

"Whew!"

The stranger's exclamation startled Cyril, it was so unexpected. He caught his look of undisguised astonishment, and to his disgust heard him murmur to himself, in a half-musing tone, "Only as Lewis Darley's heiress. Ah, then that is the loadstone which attracts the heir of Chadburn to Abbey House." Aloud he said, "So that is the condition you alluded to, Mr. Chadburn, and you think that were I to interfere it might prove disastrous to your plans?"

"I do," was the curt rejoinder.

Cyril had come to the conclusion that he could do without the man's assistance; his first idea had come back that the fellow was an impostor, and he began to treat him accordingly.

"Then am I to understand that you refuse my offer, Mr. Chadburn?"

"Yes."

An angry flush passed over the stranger's face, but there was not the slightest change apparent in his voice as he said, "And you believe it is quite possible to win Lewis Darley's adopted daughter without my aid?"

"I do."

"Whether I am favourable or not towards you?"

"Certainly. I consider your power to be a myth; I don't believe in it."

"Then I have received your final decision?"

"You have."

"I am sorry to hear it, Mr. Chadburn, for without my consent and assistance you will never marry that girl!"

Cyril replied, "Excuse me, sir, I have an engagement which I must keep. Let me tell you that I shall marry her, whether you withhold your consent or not; and now I must wish you good morning."

Cyril did not see the flash of the man's eyes, nor the change that passed over his face, as he turned to go, or he would not have felt so self-confident.

"One moment, Mr. Chadburn, before we part."

Cyril turned and faced the speaker, who continued in tones as cool as his own, "You appear to have forgotten that I am acquainted with the fact that you would only marry Miss Grant as Lewis Darley's heiress."

Cyril saw at once the trap he had fallen into, but he was too wary to let the stranger see it."

"I have not forgotten it, sir."

"It seems very like it, Mr. Chadburn, when you

force me to take cause against you by refusing what I have voluntarily offered. Better make me your friend than your enemy."

With great tact Cyril replied, "I fear you more as my friend than my enemy."

The stranger gave him a curiously-attentive glance, and with a movement of his thin lips that might have passed for a smile, replied, "At another time I might find pleasure in studying a character like yours, Mr. Chadburn; it may be that I recognise something kindred to my own, but I see you are getting impatient, and as I am not more disposed than you are to waste time, give me your decision at once. In what light do you consider me, friend or enemy?"

Haughty Cyril revolted under the stranger's tone of command, but he curbed his rising irritation as he would have reined in a restive horse, and said, calmly,—

"Before I give my answer, tell me what motive induces you to offer me your aid."

"My motive, Mr. Chadburn, is revenge."

(To be continued.)

JANNES AND JAMBRES.—I.

JANNES and Jambres were the chiefs of the magicians who "withstood Moses," so St. Paul says. Where he found their names we do not know; perhaps they were preserved in some national record to which he had access, and which has since shared the fate of so many other books, and been lost; or perhaps the apostle had good reason for knowing that tradition had preserved the names of the great magicians far more accurately than tradition is accustomed to do, and therefore he inscribed them in the indelible Word of God, as he had heard them, it may have been, from Gamaliel.

It matters little how the names came down from the far-off time when the Israelites were making bricks, and building the cities of store-houses where the Pharaohs might garner the wheat which was brought down the Nile.

I say it matters little; here the names are, and the fact that they are in the word of truth is a sufficient guarantee that the two leaders of the magicians at the court of Pharaoh when Moses delivered the messages of God were Jannes and Jambres.

St. Paul uses them as an illustration of the terribly evil effect people have who possess only the "form of godliness and not the power," that is, who go by the name of Christians, who as far as outward appearances are children and servants of God, but who, nevertheless, have not that secret union with Jesus Christ which alone constitutes the sonship of God.

When first Christianity began to spread, it was no pleasant thing to be a professing Christian. No one would then, for the mere profession's sake, undertake such a risk. A Jew who called Jesus of Nazareth the Christ was "cast out of the synagogue"—his own father would shut against him the door of his home, his mother would forget her love, and call him cursed. The new disciple experienced the dreadful reality of the Lord's words: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." His old friends all turned against him, and not a shopkeeper who knew him would sell him even a morsel of bread. This was the reason why the first Christians "had all things in common." The poor disciples must have starved had not the rich ones shared with them their money. In those days St. Paul might well say, "No man can call Jesus the Christ but by the Spirit of God." Things have changed in our times. Now it is not counted respectable not to profess religion, and therefore we all "call ourselves Christians." We all "have the form of godliness," but how many have "the power?" To how many is Christ a real, personal, present Saviour? How many are being every day moulded more like him, catching his likeness, assuming his character, living his life?

What is the main reason why there is such a scarcity of that beautiful Christianity we read of in old biographies—that warm, burning devotion which seemed aglow with the love of God? Is it not because so many show the external marks of Christianity that we are led to believe this

is all that Christianity requires? We soon and easily attain this standard, and then disbelieve that there is "any power of God" beyond.

So the profession of our neighbours has precisely the same effect upon us as the works of Jannes and Jambres had upon Pharaoh and his subjects.

Moses was not unknown at the court of Pharaoh. It was very unlikely that in forty years the memory of so remarkable a man should have quite passed away. Some of the old courtiers, and perhaps Jannes and Jambres themselves, well remembered him. It may have been that fifty years ago he had been their fellow-student, for Moses, we are told, was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians. This must have included the arts of the magicians—a class who were always held in high repute. So it was that when Moses presented himself before Pharaoh, and astonished his court by performing the two miracles God had given him as his credentials, the leaders of the magicians, no doubt, claimed Moses as one of their order. They granted that he was to a certain extent superior to them; but it was only by his study of their arts in his forty years of retirement that he managed to excel them. He had really no extraordinary commission from the God of the Hebrews, but was merely endeavouring by his cunning tricks to become the deliverer of the Hebrews, and afterwards their king. This theory Jannes and Jambres supported by working the same wonders as Moses. They caused their rods to become serpents; they made water red like blood; they brought frogs out of the river. It is true they could follow Moses no further; but they had done enough to persuade Pharaoh that Moses only worked by their arts, and that all he did which they could not perform only proved that he had made discoveries in his absence from Egypt, which gave him more power than they possessed. Their arguments were sufficient. They gave Pharaoh and his servants a reason, apparently plausible at first, for not believing Moses. And when the time came that Jannes and Jambres found out their mistake, and were compelled to admit "this is the finger of God," they could not efface the impression they had created. Pharaoh's heart had gone too far in the process of hardening to be softened at once. He and his servants still pursued the path along which the magicians had first led them, and therefore it is written in the wisdom of Solomon, "They would not believe anything by reason of the enchantments."

Having "the form of godliness," they used it to persuade their countrymen that there was no "power" in godliness, and their profession became the ruin of their nation.

To account for the success which Jannes and Jambres achieved, we must admit that they were clever magicians, and moreover that it was part of

the counsel of God not to astonish the Egyptians with such wonders, that they would have been at once convinced; but the signs he sent, were sufficient to arrest their attention—sufficient to prove that it was no human arm which wielded the rod; and yet there was room for the play of reason—they were not forced by irresistible evidence—God did not descend amongst them as he did on Sinai, and speak to them face to face—he did not send Gabriel, resplendent with the brightness of his own presence, to command Pharaoh; but he honoured the faculty of reason he himself had bestowed upon them, and granted space for its exercise. This is very evident, from the mode in which he dealt with Pharaoh.

It was no unreasonable request that Moses preferred—that the Hebrews might have a three-days' rest from their work, to worship their God. Now had Pharaoh granted this moderate petition, we may rest assured that he would have reaped a large blessing; and if finally he had permitted Israel entirely to depart, God would have compensated him with that liberality which crowneth all his gifts. But Pharaoh did not like the idea; he was unfavourable to it. Moses strengthened his petition by asserting the authority from whom he came, and wrought the signs God had given him in support of his high mission. Here Jannes and Jambres opposed him, and by working similar wonders, strengthened Pharaoh's first feeling of inclination to accede to the request of Moses, and then began the process which we call hardening.

It is unfortunate that we have only one English word to express three distinct Hebrew words. In the history the words used are *chazak*, *cabad*, and *kashah*. The first means "to bind together," the second "to make heavy," and the last, which is only used once, is rightly translated by our verb "to harden." The three occur near together in the seventh chapter. In the 13th verse, after Jannes and Jambres had cast down their rods, and they had become serpents; it is written, "And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said." Here "hardened" is *chazak*, and the real meaning of the verse is, "Pharaoh's heart bound itself together." He gathered up, as it were, his better feelings not to be convinced, and confirmed himself in his first impulse to resist. In the next verse, *cabad* is used: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened; he refuseth to let the people go."

By Pharaoh's own deed—his cherishing his first impulse not to believe—his heart had become less able to believe, and now it was heavy. "Pharaoh's heart has become heavy."

Whilst in the third verse is the only instance of the use of the strongest term *kashah*, and this verse is the expression of what God knew would

be the result if Pharaoh pursued the obstinate course with which he began. "I will harden Pharaoh's heart." This does not mean that God by one act of his omnipotence made Pharaoh's heart stony; but it asserts the result of the natural working of one of his own laws.

God always works by laws, ascribing the action to himself. "I will bring the locusts into thy coasts" was true, though a few verses further on it is written, "And the east wind brought the locusts;" so "I will harden Pharaoh's heart" might be rendered, "My law shall harden Pharaoh's heart;" if he follow a certain course he will reach a certain end; and it was Jannes and Jambres who mainly induced him to set out on the path which led him to his utter hardening.

That same law operates now; the Lord Jesus enunciated it in the words, "Unto him that hath shall be given, and unto him that hath not shall be taken away, even that he hath." It is the law of habit. We either go "from faith to faith," and receive "grace for grace," or we begin by

thinking "the form of godliness is everything," until we become so accustomed to deal with externals, and so unaccustomed to exercise that unseen power which belongs to true religion, that, after years have passed over us, we are at last incapable of breaking the habit of a lifetime, and pass away practically denying the "power of godliness."

It is no difficult thing to go a certain distance in the way which seems to be that which leads to heaven. The Jannes and Jambres of our times go thus far; but it is a human power which takes them. To reach God and his peace we need more than humanity; we need "the power" of godliness, even God's own Spirit. A living influence which abides within us, and there works, and constrains, until the image of Christ be formed in us, an image cut and chiselled out of the materials of our natural characters.

Reader, do you recognise "the power" day by day perfecting "godliness" in you?

(To be concluded.)

THE WINTER WIND.

THE fields are blank, the flowers no more,
That erst in beauty lit the sod,
For Winter smites from shore to shore
Our island with his iron rod.

The woodland choir hath hushed its song,
The joyous brook hath ceased its flow,
While the denuded trees among
The North Wind wandering murmurs low.

So sad its tone, it seems to say,
"Oh, pretty birds, tell, tell me why
At my approach ye haste away?
Sweet flowers, why do ye droop and die?
Year after year I hither come,
Among these woods and lanes to find
Those glories, only dead or dumb,
Which rose to greet the Western Wind.

"The skylark's pean to the morn,
Trilled from his love-inspired throat,
Upon my course is never borne,
Nor nightingale's mellifluous note;
No fragrant sweets embalm the air,
No painted insect spreads a wing.
When I to these bold shores repair,
To give to me a welcoming.

"Why was I born, this sorry life?
To live, shunned by the bright and fair?
My days with misery are rife,
My nights are spent in deep despair;

And when the world is hushed to sleep,
I walk the earth and beat my breast
With anguish bitter, fierce and deep,
Till worn out with my wild unrest."

And then in fancy I reply,
"Mourn not thus sadly, Winter Wind,
Nor to yon leafless branches sigh
Thou art less favoured than thy kind;
Beauties thy brother never found
Are thine, for gaze about, behold
Dame Nature bravely robed and crowned
In glories rich and manifold :

"Yon hill-tops clad in virgin white;
Yon leafless branches hung with ice
That every morning greet the light
Tricked with some ever-new device.
What if the babbling stream forsooth
At thy approach seal up its tide?
Fresh sports are thereby offered youth,
And earthly joy is amplified.

"The rudest form an hour will change,
Wrought on by thee, and beauties grow
Where'er it be thy will to range
Thy western brother ne'er can know.
Fantastic trophies hang our eaves,
The quaintest gable's decked for thee,
While from the holly's prickly leaves
Flames out a ruddy jewellery.

"The fever-smitten town looks forth
At thy approach with hopeful eyes,
Knowing, O offspring of the North,
Thy power the fiend to exorcise;
And shaking off the serpent coil
That bound his limbs, the father stands
Free once again for honest toil,
With strength to garrison his hands.

"Then cease thy wail, O Winter Wind,
Nor sigh for that to thee denied,
Our common Father, ever kind,
Through all his works, hath good supplied.
Obedient to His law, if we
Fulfil the mission He hath set,
Each day will fairer, brighter be,
Each night bring little to regret."

J. G. WATTS.

ABOUT NELLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY."

CHAPTER VI.

NTHINK those first days of Nellie's engagement were happier than any she had imagined in her brightest day-dream. Everything seemed to work together to please her; even the drawings she executed in those days were the best she ever did, and sold quicker and better than any before them. All the Stantons liked her, and made much of her, and invited her often to their house. They were a little proud of the admiration she excited, for all their set learnt to think their parties incomplete and their evenings dull if they did not see Nellie's misty eyes and sweet face. And in truth she was an ornament and addition to any room.

"I can assure you, Miss Cowley," Daisy informed me on one of her visits, which grew to be so frequent that we sometimes feared that she would meet her brother, though she knew—and kept her own counsel—that he had been once or twice—"I can assure you, Miss Cowley, that people positively rave about Nellie, and every one who comes to the house asks about 'my lovely little artist friend.' I can't think how it is George thinks me—thinks anything of me—or any one else either, while she is present. I'm not at all jealous, you know. I am delighted and proud of her, for I consider that Nellie is my particular friend, because I first made mamma invite her to my party. As for Frank"—and she held up her hands in mock horror.

"What of him?" I asked.

"Why, it's evidently quite a case with him. His eyes follow her all round the room. I'm certain—well, I shan't say anything more. All I know is that I'm very fond of Nellie, and should be so glad if—but I won't say what. I can't bear Emma, though she is George's sister, and, of course, I ought to like her."

So I knew that when the battle came Nellie would find a friend in Daisy.

"And tell me about yourself," I said. "When are you to be married?"

"I don't know yet," she answered; "not till the summer. George's leave does not expire till

July. Then, you know, we shall have to go to India." She lingered over the "we" for a minute. "Where is Nellie, Miss Cowley? I expected to see her. I thought she was always at home at this time, excepting on our lesson days."

"Here I am, though," she said, entering. "I have been to Hanway Street, and went on and through Covent Garden, that is all. Look at my snowdrops!"

"Oh, how lovely! They are the first I have seen this year. Did you buy them, Nellie?"

"No," she answered, simply.

"Were you with some one, then?"

"Yes," answered Nellie, tenderly placing her flowers in a glass.

"Oh!" said Daisy, and she did not ask any more questions, but hurried away, for it was getting late.

"Nellie," I said, when we had finished tea, and as usual, were sitting a few minutes before we commenced work—"Nellie dear, does Frank ever say anything about making things straightforward and open? I am so tired of the deceit, and your engagement is nearly two months old."

"I know it is," she answered, rising and bending over her snowdrops, arranging and re-arranging them. "I have forgotten to ask him lately, but I will."

"I should like to have it all settled soon," I said, "for I am not very strong, and"—she bent down absently to kiss her flowers, and then started, as if she suddenly realised my words.

"Not strong, Mary! What do you mean?" And she was kneeling, looking anxiously in my face. "Oh, Mary dear, are you not well? You must not work so hard—you must not, indeed. I make a good deal, and so you needn't; and I'm sure we have no occasion to save for the future now. What can I do for you, Mary?"

"Nothing," I said; "I am not ill, only a little tired out, I think. We will wait till the summer comes, and then we will go to the seaside for a little while. We will save our money so as to contrive it."

"But the summer is so far off. February is not in yet, and you want rest."



(Drawn by W. CRUICKSHANK.)

"Free once again for honest toil"—p. 312.

"No, Nellie," I answered, as she sat down at my feet. "I think that to know all this deception is at an end, and your future settled, will make me all right again."

"I shall ask Frank about it to-morrow," she said; and then we were both silent for a time. We often were together for hours without speaking, Nellie and I, each occupied with our own thoughts.

"Mary," she said presently, "I do not think you look well. I wonder why I never noticed it before."

"Ah, Nellie! the new love has blinded your eyes to the old," I said, not bitterly, but just a little sorrowfully.

"Oh no, no! not that, dear. It is so different—so very different. You are as much as ever to me, only perhaps I have been a little more day-dreaming lately, and not noticed things so much, that is all. And, somehow, the new love does not seem so very new," she went on, speaking as much to herself as to me. "I remember reading somewhere once that there are people we travel all our lives to meet; I think I understood that when I first saw Frank, for he never seemed strange. I felt as if I had been looking for his face all my life, and when I found it I knew it directly."

That same evening, an hour later, Nellie was busy. She had sketched out the picture she had set her heart upon, and was waiting for scenery and models to draw from. I left her alone for a little while, and went to have a chat with Miss West. I had told her that Nellie was engaged, but I did not tell her to whom; and though she had seen Frank come in and out, she did not know that he was the brother of Nellie's pupils. Miss West was one who noticed very little, and never appeared interested in anything that did not immediately concern her, and she had not told her brother, probably because she did not think it would interest him.

I have mentioned Dawson West's name so little—for it is Nellie's history, not mine, I am telling you; and I do not think she ever bestowed a passing thought upon him—yet in the last two or three months we had seen very much of him. Somehow, he found more time, for he always managed to come once or twice a week, and we often met him in Miss West's room, or now and then, if she was busy reading or writing, he would leave her and sit with us for an hour or so, chatting and watching us work. Nellie talked to him more than I did, and told him little incidents of her daily life, while I listened to them both, wondering how I could find so much interest in their trifling remarks. Nellie was always first in the world to me, and that place in my heart she always occupied; but I think about that time Dawson West began to find the second place in it, and yet no one, not even Nellie herself, ever guessed it.

When I went up to Miss West's room that evening he was there, and I remember that he seemed more

lively and cheerful that night than I ever remembered him before. After a little time I told him how Nellie and I had been planning a trip to the seaside in the summer, and how I looked forward to it already.

"I should think you want a change," he said.

"Yes," I answered; "and it will be the last summer I shall have Nellie, I suppose, and so I must make much of her."

"The last summer!" he exclaimed, starting; "why?"

"She will probably be married by next winter," I answered.

"Oh, indeed!" he said; "I congratulate you, Miss Cowley." But the words seemed almost to choke him, and he did not join in the conversation much again, but grew moody and silent. It never struck me that he liked Nellie, I thought his manner was merely the result of accident; but presently, when she came up, and putting her head in at the doorway, said demurely, "Shall I come in?" I could not help seeing the difference that came over him, for his face softened, and his voice had a tone in it that never came into it when he spoke to any one else. He seemed awkward and uncertain when she first appeared, but after a few minutes it passed off, and he listened to her merry chatter, and looked down at her grave eyes and laughing mouth, and was interested in all the little gossip of the day which she sat and told him, about her snowdrops, and about Daisy's visit; and if for a moment he looked half wonderingly at the happiness which was in her face, why, he did not know that in telling him anything about the Stantons she had what to her was the sweetest text in the world to discourse upon.

"Nellie is quite a star in her own small circle," I thought. "Every one she knows, seems to love her and delight in her. Even Dawson West—though, of course, he only looks upon her as a child—was a different being when she appeared."

Yes, they were happy beyond all description, those first days of her love. They were not the very first either, for they were nearly three months old now, and as yet not a single cloud had appeared to dim them. One came soon; a very tiny one, "not bigger than a man's hand," but still a cloud; and it stood out more clearly and distinctly from the very brightness of its setting.

It was one afternoon when I happened to be free, and kept my holiday by asking Frank Stanton to spend a couple of hours and have an early tea with us. I had so seldom seen them together that I watched them half curiously; I understood their relations so well afterwards. He did not understand her—I saw that. He petted her and talked to her like a spoilt child, and at times looked at her with a half-puzzled expression. He was very much in love with her still, that was evident; but she was a picture, whose vague points he did not comprehend—a beautiful poem, the theme of which he did not

wholly grasp—a sweet song—the burden of which he did not quite catch. He was handsome and fascinating, but he was only a mortal—a very commonplace one—yet Nellie idealised him into a hero, and fell down and worshipped him. That is the strange mistake so many of her nature make. I had not the power of loving as Nellie had, and yet I could understand it. She was not a girl to give her heart easily in an ordinary way, and she was bright, and quick, and sharp to detect the weak point or the dark side of any one's disposition, and she was too much of an idealist to admire a character only beautiful in part; but she had given herself up, heart and soul, to this wild dream, and everything gave way before it.

"Frank," said she, "we were building a castle the other day—in the air I mean."

"What was it?"

"Why, we were planning that in the summer-time we would go to the seaside for a fortnight or so. You will be able to come down and see us, if we don't go too far."

"We always go away—all of us—at the end of the summer, for a month or six weeks. You had better go to the same place, and take a lodging near us. There's a good idea for you. Then the lessons can go on just the same, too."

"Oh, but by that time," she began,—"by that time things will be altered; won't they?"

"Yes—yes, I hope so," he said, stroking her hair, while a shade passed for a moment over his face.

I left them for a few minutes, while I put some things away in the next room, but the door was

open, and I could hear and see them. I did not notice what they said at first, till I heard Frank Stanton say a little impatiently, "You know I quite dislike her, only it pleases my mother, and saves bother."

"Yes; but if she cares for you?"

"Oh, nonsense!" he laughed. "Every one is not such a little goose as you are."

"But you will make it all right soon?" she pleaded; "it is so deceitful."

"Yes, dear; yes. You are satisfied—are you not, Nell?" and he looked down gravely in her face. "Does my love satisfy you as it did?"

"Oh yes, Frank! oh yes! How can it do otherwise?" And she clasped her hands together; and he, seeing the light in her eyes, was pacified.

"What were you saying to Frank about Miss Drayton?" I asked, when he was gone.

"Nothing; only he talks to her so much sometimes, to blind his mother, he says, because people remark his attention to me, and I thought the extra deceit was a pity, and, you know, she might fall in love with him, and he oughtn't to let her if he can help it—ought he?"

Nellie thought every one saw with her eyes, and heard with her ears.

"Does he say he will be able to tell his family soon?"

"Yes, dear; but I don't think he quite liked my asking him;" and she gave a little sigh. And this was the first tiny cloud which appeared on Nellie's horizon.

(To be continued.)

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

III.—THE PRESENT OR KING JAMES'S VERSION.

NO TWITHSTANDING that great care had been taken in the translation of the Bishops' Bible, there yet were various errors and blemishes in it, as in all its predecessors. No steps, however, were taken to produce any new version during the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth. Shortly after the accession of James I. to the throne of England, a conference of divines was held at Hampton Court in 1604, when complaints were made as to the many and great faults and imperfections of the existing versions. On hearing these the king, who was often present at their meetings, suggested that a new and uniform translation should be made by able scholars, ratified by royal authority, and appointed to be exclusively read in all the churches. This suggestion having been approved of by the conference, a new and improved version was accordingly undertaken by the king's command. Fifty-four of the most

learned men in the kingdom were selected for this important task, and of these forty-seven willingly undertook it, all of whom were highly distinguished alike for their piety and scholarship. On the commencement of the work, these were divided into six separate classes, to each of which the translation of a certain portion of Scripture was assigned. Two of them, consisting of seventeen individuals, met at Westminster, the one of which translated from Genesis to the end of 2 Kings, while the other translated the Epistles of St. Paul and the rest of the canonical Epistles. Other two, consisting of fifteen individuals, assembled at Cambridge, the one of which translated the rest of the historical books and the Hagiographa, while the other translated the books of the Apocrypha. Two classes, also consisting of fifteen individuals, met at Oxford, and translated respectively the remaining books of the Old and New Testaments. The system adopted in the translation of these different portions was well adapted to secure accuracy and to

detect blemishes. Each individual, in each of these separate classes, was to make his own translation of the portion respectively assigned them, and the several translations thus produced were to be revised at a general meeting of the class to which the translators belonged. When any one class had agreed upon a certain version, this was to be forwarded for further scrutiny to each of the others, in order that it might come out with the sanction of the whole. In cases of special difficulty, the translators were empowered to send letters to any learned men in the land for their judgment upon the matter. These and other instructions for their guidance were given them by the king in fourteen rules, the first and the last of which we may here mention, in order to show the character of the proposed translation. The first was, that the Bishops' Bible was to be followed, and as little altered as the original would permit; and the last was, that the versions of Tyndale, Coverdale, Matthew, Cranmer, Geneva, were to be used when they agreed better with the text than the Bishops' Bible. The translation occupied three years, having been begun in 1607 and finished in 1610; so that, considering the deliberation and care with which it was executed, there was evidently no unnecessary delay. After two subsequent revisions, first by a small committee selected from each of the classes, and finally by Dr. Smith and Dr. Bilson, the former of whom wrote the preface, it was published in 1611, in black letter, by Robert Barker, "printer to the King's most excellent Majestie," as stated on the title-page. On its appearance, all the other versions gradually fell into disuse, and for a period of 260 years it has been the only authorised version of the English Bible, and as such read by Protestants of every denomination, both in public and in private, throughout the United Kingdom, the colonies, and America.

From the two instructions quoted above as given to the translators, it will be seen that it was not a new and independent work, but a revision of the Bishops' Bible, as corrected by other versions and by the original Hebrew and Greek. As such it is in all respects far superior to any former translation, and well deserves the high encomiums which have been passed upon it by its admirers,

and the feelings akin to veneration with which so many have regarded it. Nevertheless, like every other uninspired production, it is not immaculate, and although in some of the innumerable subsequent editions that have appeared various typographical errors have been detected, and other improvements made, still there are many things in it capable of further amendment. Our acquaintance with ancient manuscripts of the Bible, and their value for critical purposes, is now much greater; our knowledge of the original languages and their idiomatic expressions is now much more minute; our information as to Oriental manners and customs, as well as the natural history of Palestine and the neighbouring countries, is now much more extensive than was the case in the days of King James's translators. Moreover, since that time the English language has undergone various changes, so that many words in the translation are now obsolete or used in a different sense, and others which were then polite and elegant are now vulgar and gross. No distinction also is made in our version between the poetry and prose of the original, while the chapters and verses have in numerous instances been improperly divided, which leads to confusion and perplexity. True, indeed, these blemishes do not in any way affect the doctrines of the Bible, nor do they render our version in the least degree incapable of making us wise unto salvation. At the same time, however, this is no reason why they should be permitted still to remain, and the time has at length come when, with the consent of all Biblical critics and students, another and more correct revision may with propriety be undertaken. Let us trust that those competent individuals who are now engaged in so important a work may not with rash hand disfigure or mutilate our present noble version, but, preserving intact the simplicity, energy, beauty, and purity of its style and language, may make such changes only as are necessary to render it a more faithful and accurate transcript of the original. This we doubt not that, by the Divine blessing upon their labours, they will successfully accomplish, and in due time give us the best version of the Bible that has yet been published in any language.

LOST.

OME wandering through the woodland way
In twilight's hour,
Sweet closing to a golden day,
Wher 'e hath power,
I bade her sing one song for me;
And as she sang

My heart went forth in melody,
And echoing rang
Afar, through rose-wreathed paths, in quest
Of her sweet strain,
And from that eve it left my breast,
Nor came again.
R. A.

CECIL'S TRIAL.



HAT are you looking at so attentively, Master Cecil?" said his aunt one day, as she came into the room, and saw him buried in something before him on the table. "I do believe it's my book about the knights. Now, if you hurt it, I'll——"

"Oh no, auntie, I'm not hurting it. But just do tell me what this means—'s-i-e-g-e p-e-r-i-l-o-u-s?'"

"Two very odd words, aren't they?" said auntie. "Siege perilous—the seat of danger."

"And what's that?" said he, pricking up his ears at the word "danger."

"It was a seat at the Round Table which no one could sit in without danger, except the good Sir Galahad. Some one had once tried, but a flame of fire caught him away under the earth, and he was never seen again; so no one attempted it after that, until Sir Galahad came. That is the story."

"But why Sir Galahad?"

"Shall I tell you? Because that seat was kept for the man who could 'lose himself to save himself,' and Sir Galahad was that man."

"Lose himself to save himself! how did he do that?"

"I think I can tell you, Cecil; but first you must tell me what that text is you say, to show how little our dear Saviour thought about himself."

"Even Jesus pleased not himself," said he, looking very grave.

"Yes, that is it; and that is just the way, I think, people lose themselves, by not thinking of themselves, or trying to please themselves, but thinking of others and trying to please them—do you see?"

"Yes; and Sir Galahad did that?"

"He did indeed. You remember how I told you he was the holiest and best of all the knights?"

"And did he save himself?"

"Yes, but in this way: when he only lived to please others, and forgot himself, he lost all the low, earthly part of himself—the part that is covered over by nasty sins and bad things in those who only live for themselves, but gets clear and bright and beautiful in those who forget themselves and live for others, and this part Sir Galahad saved, and kept to the very end, when he was taken up above this dark world like a star, shining so brightly in the black night around him—all which you will read some day for yourself, I hope, in much more beautiful words than I could ever tell you."

"But, auntie, I'd like to hear about it."

"Not now, darling; it's too hard for you to understand till you get older. But I think I've told you enough to let you see how grand a thing it is to lose oneself like Sir Galahad."

"And he sat in the dangerous place? Auntie, you didn't tell me that part yet."

"Oh! then I must tell you now. This beautiful young knight—for he was as beautiful as he was good, and quite young too—was led into King Arthur's hall one day, by an old man dressed all in white, while Sir Galahad was draped in red from top to toe, and was presented by him to the king as the man who would do great things in the world some day, which pleased the king very much indeed, who bade them both welcome to his court. After that, the old man dressed Sir Galahad in a crimson robe, trimmed with ermine, and led him over to the 'siege perilous,' and when he had lifted up the silk cloth that covered it, it was seen that over it was written, in gold letters, 'This seat is for Sir Galahad, the good knight,' and the young man sat down in it, firmly and surely, while all the other knights looked quite surprised to see so young a man sitting so quietly in the siege perilous, without any harm coming to him. But, there, I've told you enough about Sir Galahad for today. You must be off now; but first tell me, why he was the only one who could sit in the place of danger."

"Because he was the only one who could 'lose himself to save himself'."

"That's right, my boy," said his aunt. "And now run away, for there's muddie's voice on the stairs calling you."

Cecil did as he was desired, but presently came darting back in the greatest excitement, saying, at the top of his voice, "Oh, auntie! muddie has just given me the shilling she promised me if I had good marks for a fortnight, and now I'm going off to Richmond to buy that box of soldiers I told you about, and then I can add them to those others I have got, and make a fine fight between the French and Prussians, or perhaps a tournament, auntie. We can betend" (Cecil always said "betend" for pretend) "the soldiers are knights, and make them have a tournament. Oh! won't it be fun!" and he nearly stood on his head with delight, and spoke so fast and so loud it was quite hard to understand a word he said. But auntie managed it, and said it was most delightful, and that she would dress up a little doll for the 'queen of beauty,' to give the prize, and Minnie should come and help—in short, there was to be nothing like the fun they were all to have. So Cecil seemed to think, certainly; for so merry a little face I don't think any one ever saw as his was when he set off for his walk that day. He bounded along by his maid's side, first trying to teach her what a tournament was, and then, when he had had enough of that, he ran on by himself, pretending to be the good Sir Galahad he had just heard about. And when he was him, you can have no idea how proud

and grand he looked, so that all the little boys he passed stood and watched him, and wondered what delightful play that other boy was playing; and they were the more curious because they heard him say sometimes to himself, "Dressed all in red, from top to toe," and, "He put on him a red cloak trimmed with ermine;" then he would look down at himself as if he had on this very dress, and after that, I think he made a new part to the story, and pretended that Sir Galahad had a horse too, for, in a few minutes more, he seemed to be jumping up on a horse's back, and then he would run very fast indeed, and you might be quite certain that at that time the knight was taking a good gallop. And so he went on for a long way, as happy as any little fellow ever was in his life, till, all of a sudden, he was stopped by hearing a low sound, as if some one was sobbing quite near him. He could not make out where it came from at first, till, on turning a corner, he saw before him what looked like a bundle of clothes, and out of it came these terrible sobs, that made him quite unhappy to hear. He did not know what to do, so he ran back to his maid, Anne, and told her what he had seen, and begged of her to come on and see what she could do. Anne hurried after him, till she came up to the poor little bundle, which turned out, indeed, not to be a bundle at all, but instead of that a miserable little hump-backed girl, who had thrown herself down on a bank by the roadside, and was crying as if her heart would break.

Cecil felt very sorry, you may be sure, when he saw this, and so did Anne, who stooped down and gently asked the poor child what was the matter.

The little thing could not speak a word at first, her sobs were so violent; but at last she managed to say, "My—shilling—oh! my—shilling! They—they took it—oh, mammy, mammy!" and she hid her face on the grass again, and sobbed worse than ever.

"Who took your shilling? can't you tell me, dear?" said Anne, kindly. But no; not another word, and they had to wait quite a long time before she could speak enough to tell her story. But at length it came out that she had been sent by her poor mother, who was very ill indeed, with the last shilling they had in the house, to get a little tea and sugar and a loaf of bread, but on her way some naughty boys had met her, and made fun of her. She tried not to mind them, till they all got round her, and frightened her so much she could do nothing else, so small and weak as she was, but try to run away; but these cowardly boys wouldn't let her get off so easily, so one of them put his foot right before her and tripped her up, so that she fell down on the dusty road, and in her terror let the shilling drop, which they snatched up at once and ran off with, leaving the poor little girl lying in the dust, and not caring one pin what became of her after that.

You may think how sorry Cecil was when he heard this dreadful story; and, indeed, he was very angry

too, for his face grew as red as fire, and he stamped his foot on the ground, and said he wished he had all the soldiers in his father's regiment, to go after those boys and put them in prison. But, you see, wishing did not do any good, as the boys were gone, no one knew where, and the soldiers in Colonel Friar's regiment were all safe in the Wellington Barracks, miles away, in London. Anne wished, too, that she could do anything to help the child; but she had no money with her, so she could only pity her, and say how sorry she was, and ask her where she lived, and if she had no friends to help her.

But the little girl said they had none; they were strangers there, and did not even know the clergyman. And then she cried more, and wrung her hands, and called out, "Oh, mammy, mammy! she'll die now; and whatever shall I do?"

"Indeed, my poor child," said Anne, "I'm very sorry, and I wish I could do anything for you; but I've no money, and I'm afraid we must be going on."

If any one had seen Cecil that moment, I think they would have thought he looked quite odd; for his face was redder than ever, and he was twisting himself about in the most curious way. But at last, when this had gone on for about a minute, he suddenly pulled Anne's dress, and then said, quite fast, "Here, take this—give it to her," and he put his bright new shilling into Anne's hand, and then walked away, to hide two big tears that had come into his eyes.

"Oh, that's a dear boy!" said Anne. "Come, dear," she said to the little girl, "don't fret any more; this young gentleman has given you another shilling."

In one moment the child had jumped up from the ground, trembling all over, her eyes wide open, and her little hand stretched out eagerly for the money, which she seized as if it was the greatest treasure in the world.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she gasped out.

"Don't thank me," said Anne; "it's the little gentleman that gave it to you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said, dropping a curtsey; "may God bless you! Poor mammy!" But that was all she could say, for she was actually sobbing from joy.

"Don't cry," said Anne; "run off and buy your things instead. But wait a minute; here's our butcher's cart coming, and I am sure the man will give you a lift into town, and then you'll be safer than walking all by yourself."

"Oh, that's a very good plan," said Cecil, quite pleased to have anything to say to the butcher and his cart. "I'll run and stop him;" and with that he ran on and called very loud to the butcher to stop, who pulled up at once, and when he heard what was wanted, said, "Yes, Master Cecil, with the greatest pleasure in life. Give her up here to me, ma'am," he said to Anne, "and she'll find I'll take good care of her."

So Anne put her up beside the kind butcher, who gave his horse a touch the next minute, and set him galloping, exactly as if he was running a race at the Derby, while Cecil stood and looked after them, wishing with all his heart he could change places with the little girl, and for once have the delights of a drive in the butcher's cart.

He watched them till they were out of sight, and then Anne asked if they should go on with their walk. This reminded the poor little man of the pleasure he had lost, so he answered, in rather a shaky voice, that he did not think there was any use for their going into Richmond now; for he knew very well he could not bear to pass the shop where the precious box of soldiers was.

"Very well, sir," said Anne; "we can go home by the river instead."

She said this because she knew Cecil was very fond of watching the boats, so she was in hopes the sight of them would amuse him, and make up a little for his disappointment; and, really, I think, between that and talking about the poor girl's happiness in getting the food for her mother, he was comforted, for by the time he reached home his face was all over bright smiles again; and it was only when his mother met him, and asked about the soldiers, that he remembered it all again, and he found it a little hard to answer her at first, for fear he should burst out crying, like a girl.

"Well, my pet, didn't you get them?" asked his mother.

"N-no, muddie," he whispered.

"Why, darling? Has anything happened?" she said, kneeling down on the floor beside him.

"Oh no, muddie," he answered, putting his arms round her neck. "But——"

And then, by little and little, the whole story came out, and at the end how pleasant it was to Cecil to feel the great big kiss his mother gave him, and to hear her say how glad she was her boy could give up his own will to help another; and then she promised to find out the poor child and her mother, and that

he should go with her, and take them some good soup and wine, and see what else they could do for them. And he felt so happy then, he was as jolly as possible in a few minutes, and laughed merrily when his aunt met him, and made a low bow to the "good knight, Sir Galahad."

Yes, they laughed about it first; but very soon they grew grave, as they talked it over. And Cecil, looking up out of his blue eyes into auntie's face, said very earnestly, "And, auntie, did I lose myself?"

While she replied, "Indeed you did, my darling—just like the good Sir Galahad." NINA COLE.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

122. Give the passages from the Old Testament in which our Lord's birth is set forth under the emblem of the rising sun.

123. Scripture tells us of three very remarkable and miraculous things relating to the sun.

124. Quote the passage in full in which David prophetically applied the title "Son of man" to our Lord.

125. The title "Son of man" is, as a rule, not applied in the New Testament to Christ save by himself. To this there are two exceptions. Give them.

126. The dying words of two persons who were put to death by stoning are recorded in the Bible. Give them.

127. Amos in his prophecy accuses the Israelites of four grievous sins. Name them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 287.

112. 1 John i. 1.—"Which our hands have handled."

113. 1 Cor. iii. 19.

114. Ps. lxxxi. 5, 6.

115. Twenty-three; viz.—ii., viii., xvi., xviii., xxii., xxxii., xxxiv., xxxv., xl., xli., xliv., lxvii., lxviii., lxxiii., xci., xcvi., cii., cix., cx., cxvii., cxviii., cxxxii.

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

THE grave is deep and silent,
With terrors all its own;
Veiling in sombre shadows
A land that is unknown.

The nightingale's deep warblings
Throughout that land ne'er sound;
Dead droops the rose of friendship
Upon its moss-grown mound.

The widowed bride above it
Wrings her poor hands in vain;

Nor through its silence pierces
The orphan's cry of pain.

Yet from no source so surely
Can peace and comfort come;
Only through those dark portals
Seek we our heavenly home.

The stricken heart whilst beating
The storm and tempest bore;
But there finds calm eternal
When it shall beat no more.

C. MAURICE DAVIES.

BIBLE NOTES.

HEALING THE SYROPHENICIAN'S DAUGHTER (Matt. xv. 21-28; Mark vii. 24-30).

NTO the coasts of Tyre and Sidon." It is always well, in reading our Lord's parables and miracles, to keep in view the different accounts of them, for we shall thus be able to fill up little points from one narrative that may be omitted in another, and light will also be thrown on matters that might otherwise be partially obscured. We know that during our Lord's public ministry he never overpassed the limits of the Holy Land; therefore, when we read that he came into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, a reference to St. Mark explains to us that he came only to the borders or confines of those countries. Here, at the extreme north-westerly limit of the Jewish land, he would fain rest himself for awhile in profound solitude, and reflect on the hostility of his countrymen, who in all directions were raising up barriers to the progress of his kingdom.

"He entered into an house," where he would gladly have been hid for a while from all the world. But in this he could not succeed. "He could not be hid." A heathen woman, whose little daughter was tormented by a demoniacal malady, had heard of him, and believing in this Wonder-worker, had crossed the borders to seek him. His fame had spread beyond the limits of the favoured land, and had worked its way into her country, and had made an impression on her at least.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." She had no doubt heard of him as merciful and gracious, and when she now sees him with his disciples, she cries to him from afar, "Have mercy on me," pleading with him, as a reason for showing her the kindness, the terrible sufferings of her daughter.

"He answered her not a word." Jesus, who invited the weary and heavy-laden to come to him, walked on without answering her. How hard must it have seemed to her, that her agonising cry for pity had died away unheeded. She renewed her cry again and again, and would not be satisfied that the accounts she had heard of him were to prove false.

"Send her away; for she crieth after us." They do not seem to bring forward the highest motive, when they ask that he should satisfy her. "She crieth after us." "She is making a scene; she is hindering us from enjoying that solitude which we have come hither to seek." Perhaps, too, their hearts were moved by her piercing cries for help, which they may have expected would not cease until her request was granted, or an answer of some kind given to her.

"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The disciples say no more, but seem to sink into the background of this most beautiful

picture. Not so she who had been crying after him, and at a distance, but who, on hearing the repulse his disciples received, is not daunted or disheartened thereby, but throwing herself at Jesus's feet, cried once more, "Lord, help me." These three words open the conversation between Jesus and the anxious mother. He puts her to a trial, waiting to see (though he knew it beforehand), and to let all generations see, the manner in which faith would show itself in this woman's heart. He did not wait in vain.

"It is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs." The children are the Jews. They are to receive the bread, and it is not right to take it from them and give it to dogs—a title of extreme contempt when applied to any people. Not that our Lord regarded the remnant of the Canaanites as such, but because they were so called by the Jews, whose language he adopts. There are few for whom this would not have been enough. But not so this heathen woman; she was mighty in faith. She heard the words with a true ear, helped, no doubt, to do so by the peculiar loving tone of the Saviour's voice. By faith, or by the Spirit of God, she heard in these words a promise, and drew from them an argument in her own behalf.

"Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs." She assents to the true meaning of the words. It is not right to take the children's bread, and give it to the dogs, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' tables. She thought that a house rich enough to keep domestic dogs at all must also provide for them, so she accepts the name; and as they have a portion, so is she content with a portion. "Let them be children, and me a dog; yet as such I am not forbidden to eat of the crumbs which fall from the table. Let me therefore not have bread, but crumbs—even those which remain when the children are filled to satiety." This is the proof of her faith.

"O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." When she returned home she found her daughter weak and exhausted, but healed, and lying on the bed. The last and decisive paroxysm was therefore already past, and she was enjoying rest, which was denied to her so long as she was under the influence of the unclean spirit.

What a glorious proof of faith is this! What a crown of glory has she woven for herself who refused to let her Saviour go unless he blessed her!

What an encouragement to all who seem to be unheeded in the prayers they offer! Let them persevere in their entreaties for help, coming humbly to Him as unworthy of the least of his mercies, and they shall find that their faith in him is not a misplaced confidence.